SOME NEW BOOKS.

Donatello.

Donatello is the title of a careful study by Maud Cruttwell, illustrated with eighty-one plates, among the rest the reproduction of Paolo Uccello's portrait of the Italian sculptor in the Louvre (Methuen and Company, London; imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). The name of the author is familiar to art students as a serious investigator in the field of Italian art and a writer whose judgments are solid, whose style is interesting. The present volume is a complete survey of the activities of Donatello and a thorough analysis of his various works. It appears in the series of which the "Velasquez" of De Beruete, the "Florentine Sculptors of the Renaissance" of Dr. W. Bode, the "Ghirlandaio" of Gerald S Davies and the "Laurence" of Sir Walter Armstrong are a few among many wholly admirable studies.

Donatello was born in Florence in 1386. His father was a wool comber, Niccolò di Betto Bardi by name; in easy circumstances and a man of some political importance. Little is known of Donatello's youth. Vasari states that he was brought up from childhood in the house of Ruberto Martelli, but this is an error, since Ruberto was twelve years his junior. It is, however, probable that Ruberto's father was his earliest patron, and quite possible that Donatello was an inmate of his house. He executed several works at different periods of his career which still remain in possession of the family, among them the unfinished statue of David, evidently carved while he was quite a boy. Vasari also states that he was among the assistants employed by Ghiberti on the first "Gates of the Baptistery," commissioned in 1403, but, though very probable, the statement is unsupported by documentary evidence. In 1406 he was enrolled as an independent sculptor, and in the same year received his first commission from his constant patrons, the Operai di S. Maria del Fiore. The two statuettes of "Prophets" which crown the pinnacles of the Porta della Mandorla, are generally taken as the point of departure in the study of his work, although the unfinished marble "David" of the Palazzo Martelli seems to have been executed earlier.

Donatello was a companion of Brunelleschi. His early work is Gothic in sentiment, but after his visit to Rome in 1433 the influence of Roman sculpture is perceptible. If it took place, this early visit with Brunelleschi must have been before 1406, for after that date he was continuously occupied with work for S. Maria del Fiore and Or San Michele, producing in the decade that followed some of his most important Florentine work. In 1427, when he made his Portata to the Catasto, Donatello was already 40 years old. He was then in partnership with Michelozzo; this partnership dates from 1425, and asted until the latter left Florence to accompany Cosimo de Medici in his exile to Venice. Judging from the scarcity of work produced by them in collaboration they both must have received for the most part independent commissions, for during the eight years of their partnership only two important sculptures were produced by them, the Tomb of John XXIII. in the Baptistery and that of Rinaldo Brancacci in Naples. It is probable that Donatello took him into partnership in order to cast his bronzes, in which craft Michelozzo was specially skilful.

Although chiefly in work for the Duomo and Or San Michele, Donatello found time to execute many important sculptures for his chief patron, Cosimo de Medici, who throughout his life showed him the greatest affection. "So great was the love that Cosimo had for the genius of Donatello," wrote Vasari, "that he constantly set him to work; and on the other hand, Donato had so much love for Cosimo that at each least sign he divined all that he desired and continually obeyed him." Cosimo de Medici died in 1464, recommending Donatello, now 78 years old, to his son Piero. Vasari relates that the aged sculptor, though no longer able to work, passed his last years most lightheartedly. Piero de Medici presented him with a little country house, where he might live in comfort until his death. But at the end of a year he begged Piero to take back his gift. He loved Florence better. On December 13, 1466, he died, and was buried in the Church of San Lorenzo, near the sepulchre of Cosimo. The personal character of Donatello seems from all accounts to have been genial, kindly and simple. He was generous, warm hearted, free from vanity and jealousy, always ready to do a kind action and lend a helping hand to a fellow artist. Baldinucci relates as a proof of his disinterestedness that he kept his money in a basket hung to a shelf, so that any of his assistants might help himself at "need." He was very careless of his appearance, and Cosimo de Medici, not liking to see him always shabbily dressed, made him a present of a costume and mantle of fine red cloth. Donatello to please him wore his new clothes for a few days, but afterward brought them back to Cosimo, saying that they were too dainty for him and prevented him from working.

Only one authentic portrait of Donatello exists—that by Paolo Uccello, already cited. From this portrait all the existing paintings, engravings and sculptures have been taken, Vasari himself engraving it in the second edition of his "Lives." The painting is much damaged. It was restored by Bugiardini in the sixteenth century, and has been since several times repainted, and the heads have as little character and animation as puppets. We learn from it that Donatello brushed his mustache from his lips, and had a forked beard, but as far as real portraiture goes the painting has little value. Vasari and Borghini both state that in the nearly perished fresco by Masaccio representing the Procession of the Dedication of the Church, over the door of the cloister in the Carmine, was a portrait of Donatello among other artists and citizens of Florence. The fresco was totally destroyed in the time of Baldinucci, who mentions its loss with regret. Some fragments have been recently recovered from the whitewash, but unfortunately none of the portraits mentioned by Vasari. And thus it is that the creator of the exquisite Cantoria and the magnificent Gattamelata statue has come down to us in the rather doubtful guise of the faded Uccello portrait, not a reassuring effigy.

Donatello is without doubt the most important figure among the masters of the fifteenth century, not only in his special branch of sculpture, but as chief and leader of the whole artistic movement. More than this, he takes rank as one of the most brilliant and representative figures of the Italian Renaissance, for he gave visible form, as did Michaelangelo later, to the intellectual aspirations and achievements of his epoch. He interpreted in marble and bronze no less clearly than did the humanists with their pen the dominating elements of the movement, the newly awakened paganism, with its joy in physical life, the emancipation from chains imposed by an austere religion, and the recognition of the individuality and complexity of the mind. In him converged the two great streams of antique and modern sentiment, the appreciation of external life peculiar to the Greek and Roman civilizations, with its robust self-reliance and enjoyment of sensuous emotions, and the comprehension of, and respect for, the inner workings of the soul, inherited from the severe, often morbid, self-analysis of mediæval Christianity. Which of these two opposing elements had in him the mastery it would be difficult to say, for he threw his sympathies with equal ardor into both.

His "Romping Children" of the Cantoria and Prato Pulpit, as soulless little animals as any puppies or squirrels, are far removed in sentiment as is possible to conceive from his tragic Baptists, Virgins and Magdalens. His marble "David of the Bargello," with its insolent swagger, is the direct antithesis of his intellectual and solemn "St. Mark" of Or San Michele. He was the eloquent spokesman of his many sided epoch, with whose conflicting interests he was completely in touch, which he interpreted with equal sympathy and conviction. His importance in the history of Italian art Miss Crutwell declares lies chiefly in his originality of conception, his sudden and complete breakage with tradition, and his technical innovations. More than any other artist he visualized with his own eyes, conceived with absolute independence, and executed with methods equally original and free from prescribed rules. This independence, coupled as it was with marvellous technical skill, gave him at once the rank of chief and pioneer of Italian art. The Florentine school of painting, as well as sculpture, was entirely dominated by him, and, after his visit to Padua, that of north Italy as well. So completely Donatellesque did Italian art of the fifteenth century become that it is impossible to conceive what direction it would have taken without his overwhelming influence. One may go further and assert that his is the dominating influence in the modern school of sculpture, and that every great master of our own day consciously or unconsciously has based his art upon Donatello.

Little in his surviving work shows inefficiency in the handling of his material. But his technical excellence and proficiency are not his greatest claim to the high place he holds in the progress of Florentine art. Donatello was the first to develop the specific qualities of the school as formulated by Giotto—its dramatic and expressive character, its directness and scientific truth to nature. He was the first realistic portraitist of Italian art; and his forcible interpretation of character has never been surpassed. In this lies his greatest claim to the high place he holds as pioneer and chief of modern art. His comprehension of, and sympathy with, the subtlest shades of character and emotion give him rank among the most profound psychologists who have ever dissected and laid bare the human soul. As Antonio Pollaiuolo dissected the body and discovered the movements of muscle and joint, so Donatello discovered the mind and revealed its mysterious workings. And it is not only in his portraits that he has interpreted character and probed the recesses of the human heart; in his series of statues of the Baptist, as boy and man, he has traced the tragedy of a soul with a vividness and a comprehension of which few analytical psychologists are capable. They form a study of the development of mental disease in a hysterical, morbid nature as harrowing as any modern German has produced.

But his many sided genius was not confined to the serious and intellectual side of life. He felt and had sympathy with all its moods, and there is hardly an emotion, hardly a phase of character that he has not interpreted with equal comprehension. No Greek or Roman felt more keenly than he the joy of sensuous life, nor presented it in more thoroughly pagan fashion. In his sculptures of the Prato Pulpit and the Cantoria he has extracted the very essence of the exuberant animal life of the senses.

As a craftsman Donatello was no less versatile than as a thinker. A sculptor in marble on a monumental scale, such as Italy has produced only once again in Michelangelo; a marvellous technician in the management of relief and the chiselling of metal, skilful as few workers in marble in his treatment of stucco and terra cotta, he was besides a practical architect, and tradition says also a painter. (Vasari states that he was a painter in his youth, and aided Lorenzo di Bicci in his frescoes of the Convent Santa Croce, but the passage is full of error; Benvenuto Cellini also states that he was a painter and a good one. His name is, however, inscribed on the rolls of the Compagnia dei Pittori di San Luca as "orafe e scarpellatore.") As an architect he must have had experience and shown ability, since he was employed with Brunelleschi and Nanni di Banco to make a model for the cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore, which was the most important architectural problem of the day. He was also employed as a military engineer, being sent in 1429 to the Florentine army near Lucca to turn the course of the Serchio into the enemy's camp. Their manœuvre, however, was a failure, for the dykes they erected broke, and the river instead flooded the Florentine forces.

Donatello was the inventor of the peculiar flattened relief known as rilievo schiacciato. His method of obtaining depth of space and distance is exactly opposed to that of Ghiberti, who raised his fore and middle ground figures in highest relief against a slightly raised architectural or landscape background. Donatello, on the other hand, flattened his foreground figures as in antique sculpture, and obtained his pictorial effects of deepened landscapes or interiors by the skilful management of perspective. By a system of most delicate and almost imperceptible modelling and equally delicate incised lines, he succeeds in presenting the graduated planes of middle distance and background in the most illusive manner. The most striking examples of rilievo schiacciato are the four stucco medallions in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo, and the charming and suggestive landscapes in the reliefs of "St. George slaying the dragon" in the Tabernacle of Or San Michele and the "Delivery of the Keys" in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Another of his innovations was of great importance in the progress of sculpture, the adaptation of the work to its height above the ground and the conditions under which it was to be viewed. As a result of their position the works of Donatello, more than those of any other sculptor, suffer from change of place and reproduction in photograph and cast. The putti of the Cantoria have lost much of their charm from the gallery being too near the spectator, and the bronze cast of "St. George" on the wall of Or San Michele has a better effect than the original marble in the Bargello. In his last work, the Pulpits of San Lorenzo, full of reminiscences as they are of antique sculpture, the themes are treated in a spirit as tragic as any Dantesque conceptions.

The equestrian statue of Gattamelata, Erasmo da Narni the great condottiere (1370-1443), by Donatello, was executed after the death of the warrior. It stands in the empty, spacious Piazza of Padua, an unrivalled site for an unrivalled composition, which in its massive and monumental simplicity is one of the greatest masterpieces, not only of Italian, but of all modern art, and few, even of antique sculptures, make so deep and lasting an impression as does this grand figure, which seems to incarnate dignity and force. As Verrocchio touched the highest point of his development in his Colleoni, so did Donatello, in creating this statue, reach the zenith of his powers. Both works reproduced on the scale of the originals may be seen at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Ninon the Overpowering.

There lived in France in the early part of the seventeenth century a little lady who cannot be said to have had a very delicate ambition. It is to be read in the historical review by M. C. Rowsell, *Ninon De L'Enclos and Her Century* (Brentano's), that Ninon, who was born in Paris in the shadow of Notre Dame in 1615, at the age of 11 asked of her father the privilege of wearing trousers, or at least a boy's attire. Her letter making this request is amazing considered as the product of a child of 11, and we cannot help thinking, as we have thought of other seventeenth and eighteenth century French letters that have come down to us, that some editorial hand trimmed it into the literary shape that was deemed suitable.

We cannot forbear from reproducing this letter, which is one of the best things in the book. Ninon wrote: "My very honored father, I am 11 years old. I am big and strong; but I shall surely fall ill if I continue to assist at three masses every day, especially on account of one performed by a great, gouty, fat canon who takes at least twelve minutes to get through the Epistle and the Gospel, and whom the choir boys are obliged to put back again on his feet after each genuflection. I would as soon see one of the towers of Notre Dame on the altar steps; they would move quite as quickly and not keep me so long from breakfast. This is not at all cheering, I can tell you. In the interest of the health of your only child it is time to put an end to this state of things. But in what manner, you will ask, and how is it to be set about? Nothing more simple. Let us suppose that instead of me heaven had given you a son. I should have been brought up by you, and not by my mother; already you would have begun to instruct me in arms, and mounted me on horseback, which would have much better pleased me than twiddling along the beads of a rosary to aves, paters and credos. The present moment is the one for me to inform you that I decide to be no longer a girl and to become a boy. Will you therefore arrange to send for me to come to you, in order to give me an education suitable to my new sex." And this remarkable child signed herself with respect her very honored father's little Ninon.

Whatever the father may have thought of the humorist who guided this small hand, he responded generously. Ninon was taken to her father's shelter and clothed as she wished. She appeared soon in a handsome silken doublet with large loose sleeves slashed to the shoulder. Her collar was a falling band of richest point lace. A short velvet cloak hung from her shoulder. Her gloves were Spanish leather. Her Flemish beaver hat, broad brimmed and adorned with plumes, was worn cocked on one side. Her wide topped boots were frilled about with fine lawn. She had breeches, too, and they were fringed. The father riding forth with this girl received compliments on the gallant aspect of his "son." He was delighted. So was Ninon.

Ninon's father made an address to her just before he died. "My child," said he, "you see that all that remains to me in these last moments is but the sad memory of pleasures that are past. have possessed them but for a little while, and that is the one complaint I have to make of nature. But alas! how useless are my regrets. You, my daughter, who will doubtless survive me for so many years, profit as quickly as you may of he precious ime, and be ever less scrupulous in the number of your pleasures than in the choice of them." The father's last message was both definite and measured. He left to Ninon an income of 8,000 livres yearly. She had a large nose and beautiful teeth, abundant dark hair, sympathetic and intelligent eyes, which could express at once reserve and voluptuous languor. Her courteous manner had a wonderful charm. Her conversation sparkled with wit and included sentiment. She knew literature current and ancient. Her complexion was of the fairest. She was constant in friendship though fickle in love. She could be dangerously jealous, and yet she had humor. St. Evrémonde said of her: "Kindly and indulgent nature has moulded the soul of Ninon from the voluptuousness of Epicurus and the virtue of Cato." Surely this was a rare combination.

Let us read for a moment something in illustration of the privileges that she allowed herself and of her exercise of feminine power. It is to be read here: "Something less than a year later a little daughter was born to Ninon. There was so much doubt concerning its paternity that the Comte de Fiesque and the Abbe d'Effiat had no choice but to make a throw of the dice for the rightful claim on it, and De Fiesque, being the winner, subsequently had the child educated and reared at his own cost, insisting on this in despite of Ninon wishing to keep it under her own care. But toward herself the attachment of the Count rapidly cooled. To bring him back to her feet she conceived the ruse of cutting off her hair, the real locks, for these having grown again. There was, however, something in this of the virtue of necessity, as it was again threatening to become scanty—and sending them by a servant to the Count, it exercised its intended effect; as he regarded it as a touching sacrifice, and Fiesque was again at her feet, penitent, and tender as ever. But Ninon, thus triumphing, dismissed him from the old position and relegated him to the ranks only of friendship. Once more the hair of Ninon began to grow luxuriantly, and she devised a fashion of arranging it that was so charming as to find the sincere flattery of imitation—'Se coiffer à la Ninon' became the rage." We have quoted this passage exactly. The writing is not as good as it might be. It defies grammar. There are two portraits of Ninon in the book. In neither of them does her hair recommend itself to us. We remember, however, that portrait painters very often have had their unrestricted way, and that they and not their subjects are chargeable with the impressions that we receive.

Horrible tales and exceedingly strange tales are told of Ninon and of others who lived in her time. We think they are all here. When she was very mature she was still a charmer. We should have no objection at all to be satisfied of the truth of all that has been told about her

Emerson's Grand Tour of 1833.

There is abundance of interest in the third and fourth volumes of the *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, edited by Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes (Houghton Mifflin Company). A delightful frontispiece for the third volume is the silhouette portrait of Ezra Ripley. He has shorts and top boots and spectacles and an umbrella. There are other fascinating illustrations in the two volumes. The fourth volume is almost entirely a journal of thoughts, but the third is in good part a chronicle of experiences and events. The many characteristic observations of the journalist upon men and things are curious to read. He speaks in 1833 of "this second day of November of the 6,000th year of the world," an expression that seems to signify assent to an exact chronology that used to be printed on the margins of the Bible pages. He tells an anecdote of Mrs. Kneeland. The old jail in Cambridge was just back of her house. The inmates of the jail were bad neighbors. They used to call Mrs. Kneeland names and address her in profane language. Prof. Hedge was at pains to get the nuisance removed. The old jail was pulled down. "Some one congratulated Mrs. K. upon the happy deliverance, but found her quite sad at the loss of her stimulus. 'She kind o' missed 'em,' she said."

Again we find an observation upon Goethe. It seems a little savage in its suggestion. "I cannot," says Emerson, "read of the jubilee of Goethe, and of such a velvet life, without a sense of incongruity. Genius is out of place when it reposes fifty years on chairs of state and inhales a continual incense of adulation. Its proper ornaments and relief are poverty and reproach and danger, and if the Grand Duke had cut Goethe's head off it would have been much better for his fame than his retiring to his rooms, after dismissing the obsequious crowds, to arrange tastefully and contemplate their gifts and honorary inscriptions." But Emerson's journey to Europe in 1833 is related here, and that is a matter conspicuously interesting among these pages.

Emerson sailed from Boston for Malta on December 25, 1832. This was a season of the year when there could be no assurance that the sea would observe a placid behavior. We believe that no ship is so large that it can be warranted to traverse the Atlantic with entire steadiness. Certainly the vessel that transported Emerson, the "brig Jasper, Capt. Ellis, 236 tons, laden with logwood, mahogany, tobacco, sugar, coffee, beeswax, cheese, &c.," could not be expected to cross without some tossing. Our impression is that the pilgrims who journeyed the other way some two hundred years before hardly offered themselves to a more formidable seafaring. On the seventh day out the journalist made note of a wild and cheerless experience. On January 2 he recorded: "A long storm from the second day of our departure consigned all the five passengers to the irremediable chagrins of the stateroom, to wit, nausea, darkness, unrest, uncleanness, harpy appetite and harpy feeding." Besides, there was the well encouraged thought of going to the bottom. To counterbalance, in Emerson's case, there were the treasures of memory. He "remembered up" almost all of "Lycidas." Of course this comfort could not have been shared by his fellow voyagers.

It is made known that the five passengers crawled out occasionally from their several holes; but, adds Emerson, hope and fair weather would not. He reflects upon the strangeness of the fact that the first man who went to sea did not turn round and go straight back again. He admires and wonders both. "We study the sailor," he says, "the man of his hands, man of all work; all eye, all finger, muscle, skill and endurance; a tailor, carpenter, cooper, stevedore and clerk, and astronomer besides. He is a great saver, and a great quiddle, by the necessity of his situation." The captain bragged of the handy ways of his fellow countrymen. He said to Emerson: "You will see when you get out here how they manage in Europe; they do everything by main strength and ignorance. Four truckmen and four stevedores at Long Wharf will load my brig quicker than a hundred men at any port in the Mediterranean." It was from the captain that Emerson learned also that the Sicilians had tried once or twice to bring their fruit to America in their own bottoms and had made the passage in 120 days. In the afternoon of this January 2 Emerson remarked in his journal that acknowledgment of the Deity put the soul in equilibrium. In this state he wrote, the question whether your boat was to float in safety or go to the bottom was no more important than the flight of a snowflake. We thought of Byron's "bubbling cry of some strong swimmer in his agony" and concluded that in the ordinary view there was importance and advantage in remaining on top.

Next day Emerson commended Dr. Johnson's defence of conversation upon the weather. At sea the practice hardly needs defence. The voyaging journalist noted that he and his fellows aboard the brig were pensioners of the wind. He remarked that the weathercock was the wisest man. Should the wind forget to blow they would need to eat their masts. A particular hope that day was for a smoother sea so that there might be opportunity to shave. A head wind, we read, made grinning Esaus of the five passengers. On January 6 note is made that there is still nothing but storm. Yet Emerson thanks "the sea and rough weather for a truckman's health and stomach—how connected with celestial gifts!" He asks a question and proceeds to answer it: "What is a passenger? He is a much enduring man who bends under the load of his leisure. He fawns upon the captain, reveres the mate, but his eye follows the steward; scans accurately, as symptomatic, all the motions of that respectable officer." He describes the passenger further, mentioning his power of appetite and sleep and his desire to have the ship hasten.

Let us not, since we are reasonable creatures, do anything so superfluous and distressing as to be afraid while we are voyaging: "If our horses are somewhat wild, and the road uneven and lonely and without inns, yet experience shows us that the coward eye magnifies the dangers." He peers over the brig's bow and addresses the Old World at once with confidence and cheerfully: "Peeps up old Europe yet out of his eastern main hospitably, ho? Nay, the slumbrous old giant cannot bestir himself in these his chair days to loom up for the pastime of his upstart grandchildren, as now they come, shoal after shoal, to salute their old progenitor, the old Adam of all. Sleep on, old sire, there is muscle and nerve and enterprise enow in us, your poor spawn, who have sucked the air and ripened in the sunshine of the cold west, to steer our ships to your very ports and thrust our inquisitive American eyes into your towns and towers and keeping rooms. Here we come, and mean to be welcome. So be good now, clever old gentleman." On January 20 the brig was at Gibraltar.

We must quote one more passage out of the sea part of the journal. Emerson while sailing along the Mediterranean was moved to pay a fine compliment to the captain: "Honor evermore aboard ship to the man of action—to the brain in the hand. Here is our stout master, worth a thousand philosophers, a man who can strike a porpoise and make oil out of his blubber and steak out of his meat, who can thump a mutineer into obedience in two minutes; who can bleed his sick sailor, and mend the box of his pump; who can ride out the roughest storm on the American coast, and more than all, with the sun and a three cornered bit of wood and a chart can find his way from Boston across 3,000 miles of stormy water into a little gut of inland sea nine miles wide with as much precision as if led by a clue." The brig reached Malta on February 2. Going home the voyage from Liverpool to New York took from September 4 to October 9. If the adventurous Sicilians could have carried their oranges as fast their record of 120 days would have been shortened and the fruit would have been in less peril of becoming too ripe before reaching its American destination.

It was at Malta that Emerson, being engaged in learning two languages and feeling the pressing need of knowledge that he had not yet acquired, also noting that somebody else was well equipped to meet a great variety of emergencies, was moved to the reflection not unexpressive of hope: "It is a substantial satisfaction to benefit your companions with your knowledge—a pleasure denied me. 'Time,' said friend Carlyle, 'brings roses'; a capital mot, putting a little rouge on the old skeleton's cheek." He sailed from Malta to Syracuse in a Sicilian brigantine. Fourteen men manned this little craft. They were all on a level, captain and crew, and were greatly amused by their American passengers, whom they studied frankly. The mate brought up his gazetteer and read aloud an account of Boston, the crew clustering around him. "When anything was to be done to sails or spars, they did it who had a mind to it, and the captain got such obedience as he could." A cask of red wine stood on tap, from which everybody drank as he pleased, using a quart measure for a cup. The food of the sailors was a boiled fish which looked like an eel and tasted like lobster; this with bread and raw green onions. The little vessel sailed fast, and in sixteen hours brought the travellers to their destination.

Emerson drank the water of Arethusa and washed his hands in it. He ate Hyblæan honey with his breakfast. He had some difficulty in finding the fountain, which was obscurely situated in Arethusa street. He and his companions sought for it in vain in a number of courtyards. "At last," his account tells us, "an old woman guided us to the spot, and I grieve, I abhor to tell, the fountain was bubbling up its world renowned waters within four black walls serving as one great washing tub to fifty or sixty women, who were polluting it with the filthy clothes of the city. It is remarkable now as of old," he adds, "for its quantity of water springing up out of the earth at once, as large as a river. Its waters are sweet and pure and of the color of Lake George." The journal in Sicily is full of interest. Emerson remarks in Palermo: "Art was born in Europe and will not cross the ocean, I fear." It is crossing at a great rate nowadays. In Europe the fear seems to be that it will cross altogether.

On coming to Naples Emerson declared that he would not be imposed upon by a name. "Here's for the plain old Adam," he said, "the simple genuine self against the whole world." On his third day there, March 15, 1833, he remarked: "A nation of little men, I fear. No original art remains." They offered to show him how a dog could be overcome by the fumes of sulphur in the Grotto del Cane, but he refused to see the demonstration. He was annoyed by certain assaults and solicitations while he was engaged as a scholar and a man of imagination in looking over the neighborhood. At the Temple of Serapis a stout fellow tried to pick his pocket of his torn handkerchief. His guide demanded three or four times as much as was his due, and he was beset by a swarm of pestering boys with "antiquities" to sell, and by a "regiment" of plain beggars. The edge was taken off his scholarly desire. He set down: "Ah, sirs of Naples! you pay a high price for your delicious country and famed neighborhood in this swarming, faithless population that surrounds and fills your city to-day. I was glad to see no more antiquities, but to get home as fast as I could." He had thought at home to come suddenly in an open country upon a wealth of broken columns and fallen friezes. He had thought of these things as reposing in a solitude solemn and eloquent. As a fact he had found them carefully fenced in and deeply bordered with a robber vermin. Sentiment was killed in the bud, Emerson says, and most men clapped both hands on their pockets and ran.

He visited six or seven churches on Sunday, March 17. They were truly splendid and compared with the best he had seen. Regarding the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, he remarks merely that its wealth must be immense. All the churches were well attended on that "Sabbath morn." He comments: "Who can imagine the effect of a true and worthy form of worship in these goodly piles! It would ravish us. I do not mean the common Protestant service, but what it should be if all were actual worshippers. It would have something of this Catholic ceremony too, and yet not show a priest trotting hither and thither, and buzzing now on this side and now on that." He observed the thick and somewhat unregulated storing of the people in Naples. The mighty dwelling houses, he noted, rose to five and six tall stories, and every floor was occupied by a different family. They were the "flats," still remote from our country, of 1833. We do not permit in our flats to-day what was there permitted. Opposite Emerson's window a family lived forty feet up from the ground, and yet unremoved from a lot of cackling poultry, which was intimately housed with them. In a second story across the street he observed a turkey stepping confidently about, and he noticed further that a goat went upstairs to this story every day to be milked. Goethe said that he should never again be wholly unhappy, for he had seen Naples. Emerson says that "happy" would have been quite as good a word as "unhappy." "You cannot," said Emerson, "go five yards in any direction without seeing saddest objects and hearing the most piteous wailings. Instead of the gayest of cities you seem to walk in the wards of a hospital. Whilst you eat your dinner at a trattoria a beggar stands at the window watching every mouthful." He calls the neighborhood of Naples the magnificent Nahant of the Roman Senators, and of the Lucrine Lake he says that "it is not above three times the size of Frog Pond, nor quite three times as pretty." He does not compliment a sermon that he heard at the English Chapel. Nothing, he declares, could be more insipid and inane. It was comparable to the "Noodle's Oration" or the "Song by a Person of Quality." He left Naples on March 25, having spent there almost a fortnight.

In Rome on the eve of Palm Sunday he was induced to go to a violin concert. This had the consequence of acquainting him with "the power of a fiddle." He was grateful. He records concerning the fiddle: "It wailed like a bugle and reminded me of much better things and much happier hours." In the Eternal City on April 2 he set down in his journal, not a all conceding a warm indignation: "These beggarly Italians! If you accept any hospitality at an Italian house a servant calls upon you the next day and receives a fee, and in this manner the expense of your entertainment is defrayed. In like manner if you are presented to the Pope it costs you $5." In Michael Angelo's chapel, "which is full of noblest Scriptural forms and faces," the forms impressed him more than he had expected, and yet he thought how much did they fall short of what they should have been. He saw Pope Gregory XVI. wash the feet of thirteen pilgrims, one from each nation of Christendom. The American pilgrim was from Kentucky. After the ceremony of washing the feet the Pope served the pilgrims at dinner, but this Emerson did not see. He saw the Coliseum by moonlight. His comment was: "It is full of dread." He saw St. Peter's illuminated for Easter and wrote: "It is very melancholy to see an illumination in this declining church and impoverished country." He added: "I love St. Peter's Church. It grieves me to think that after a few days I shall see it no more. It has a peculiar smell from the quantity of incense burned in it. The music that is heard in it is always good and the eye is always charmed. It is an ornament of the earth. It is not grand, it is so rich and pleasing; it should rather be called the sublime of the beautiful."

We recall that in an early part of this journal Emerson spoke sorrowfully and not in approbation of Byron at the time of that poet's death in 1824. Here we find Emerson noting a visit to the Capitoline Museum in Rome and saying: "The 'Dying Gladiator' is a most expressive statue, but it will always be indebted to the muse of Byron for fixing upon it forever his pathetic thought. Indeed, Italy is Byron's debtor, and I think no one knows how fine a poet he is who has not seen the subjects of his verse and so learned to appreciate the justness of his thoughts and at the same time their great superiority to other men's. I know well the great defects of 'Childe Harold.'" Emerson was nearly a month in Rome. He left for Florence on April 23. In Florence he went to the opera and made note: "Everything good but the strutting of the actors. Is it penal for an actor to walk?" Our impression is that walking is still forbidden in grand opera. Emerson continues: "Before the play was done my eyes were so dazzled with the splendor of light and colors that I was obliged to rest them and look at my shoes for half an hour that I might keep them for the last act. For my seat in the pit, where the ladies sit also, I paid three pauls, 30 cents. I ought not to forget the ballet between the acts. Goethe laughs at those who force every work of art into the narrow circle of their own prejudices and cannot admire a picture as a picture and a tune as a tune. So I was willing to look at this as a ballet and to see that it was admirable, but I could not help feleing the while that it were better for mankind if there were no such dancers. I have since learned God's decision on the same, in the fact that all the ballerine are nearly idiotic." As we read this we find it easy to suspect that Emerson's belief regarding the ballet dancers really extended to other features of the opera.

From place to place in northern Italy in the pleasant month of May. At Ferrara Emerson saw Ariosto's inkstand and chair. He says tersely: "I sat in his chair." He visited the Jews' Quarter, where the inhabitants, numbering 2,800, were "shut up every night, as in Rome, like dogs." He exclaimed upon the desolate appearance of the town. Its streets were like State street in Boston on Sunday, and the grass grew in them. Proceeding from Mestre, the place of embarkation for Venice, five miles off, the famous city "looked for some time like nothing but New York." Entering Venice, "it seemed a great oddity, but not at all attractive." Later, under the full moon, St. Mark's Piazza showed indeed like a world's wonder; still Emerson pitied the people, who were not beavers, and yet had to live there. He went to see the churches, gave them great praise and said of the Church of the Jesuits that Hiram and Solomon could not beat it. He saw the underground state prison of the Venetians and conceived a respect for the Austrians and the French. He noted: "It is a sickening place, and 'tis enough to make one dance and sing that this horrid tyranny is broken in pieces. To be sure the Austrians are here, but their rule is merciful to that whose story is written here in stone and iron and mire. The policy of the Venetian Government kept even the existence of their state prison a secret, and on the approach of the French in 1796 they hastily built up the secret passages. The French acted with good sense in opening these damnable holes to the day and exposing them to the public in order to make their own invasion popular." He soon satisfied himself with Venice. He thought it a most disagreeable residence. You felt always in prison and solitary. Moreover there was always a slight smell of bilge water and a suggestion of a freshet and desolation.

June 6 was Corpus Christi day, and Emerson, journeying from Verona to Brescia, was gratified because he saw no beggars. He noted the silver pins with heads as large as eggs that the women wore in their hair and was reminded of electrical machines. The Milan Cathedral, begun in 1386, had when he saw it 5,000 statues on the outside; it was to have 7,000 when completed. The kindness of the Conte del Verme enabled Emerson and his friends to see all the curiosities of Milan. This excellent Count thought but ill of the Austrian Government, so jealous, so rapacious, which held Italy down with pointed cannon. There were some 97,000 Austrian troops in Lombardy. When the Count asked for a passport to go to the United States of America it was sixteen months before it was granted to him. At Lausanne Emerson visited Gibbon's house, where the history was written. He went also, though under protest, to see Voltaire's château at Ferney. Franklin and Washington were among the portraits hung in Voltaire's rooms. Emerson remarks at the end of his brief account: "It would be a sin against faith and philosophy to exclude Voltaire from toleration. He did his work as the bustard and tarantula do theirs." The traveller came presently to Paris, and he was not pleased.

In leaving Italy, Emerson noted, he was sorry to find that he had left the air of antiquity and history and in coming to Paris "had come to a loud, modern New York of a place." We remember that Charles Sumner made some rather stately observations regarding the great cemetery of Paris. Emerson went to Père la Chaise and said that necropolis did honor to the French. At the same time Emerson was persuaded that the French were a vain nation. He said that the tombstones had a beseeching, importunate vanity and reminded you of advertisements. He preferred the style "Ci git" to "Ici repose." He considered it importantly significant that the French wrote on their tombstones "Here lies Augustus," whereas our habit was to write "Here lies the body of Augustus." Emerson was in Paris from June 20 to July 17, 1833. On the morning of July 19 he departed from Boulogne in a steamboat and after a rough passage of twenty hours landed in London at the Tower Stairs.

It was Sunday morning. Emerson found lodgings at Mrs. Fowler's at 63 Russell Square. He found it an extreme pleasure to hear everybody speaking English again. That is a language so easy to understand. He attended a service at St. Paul's and recorded the brief comment, "Poor church." He went to Westminster Abbey and remarked that it was better than any church he had seen except St. Peter's. The journal takes very scant notice of London. It does say, however: "Immense city, very dull city." The journalist proceeded to Scotland, to the "famous country of Ben Lomond, Loch Katrine and the rest." It was cold and wet there, though the month was August. In the steamboat sailing up the Forth he sat in the cabin reading his book, not minding Bannockburn, which was somewhere behind the rain. At night in a car he rode from Stirling ten miles through the rain to Doune and Callander. "Of the scenery," he records, "I saw little more than my horse's head." In the early morning, after a hard sleep at Callander, he sought the Trosachs Inn, again in an open car. He recorded: "The rain wet me through my own coat and my landlord's over that, and though we passed Loch Vennachar and then Loch Achray, yet the scenery of a shower bath must be always much the same, and perpendicular rather than horizontal. Once when the flood intermitted I peeped out from under the umbrella, and it was a pretty place. We dried and breakfasted at the Trosachs Inn." From that point he and his companions made an adventure upon Loch Katrine.

The party pushed out into the lake in two boats propelled by four oars each. They got as far as Ellen's Island and may have thought how hardy must have been the fair Lady of the Lake of Scott's poem. These later adventurers encountered rough water and a strong wind. They were spattered. The laborers at the oar, doubtless strong men, were able to make so little headway that it was deemed impracticable to go the whole length of the lake, which is nine miles. The boats were put in at the first cove the shore afforded. Part of the company returned to the Trosachs, but part, including Emerson, needed to reach Glasgow that night, and these had to walk to the end of the lake, a way which, following the windings of the shore, was fourteen miles long. The road was a sheep track, which led "through every variety of soil, now sand, now morass, now fern and brake, now stones." In a hut at the end of the lake Emerson dried his shoes and drank whiskey and ate oatcake. After this there was five miles further to go to Inversnaid and so to the steamboat on Loch Lomond. There was no conveyance but the travellers' own legs, and these served again. Emerson reports that the country was almost as bare as a paved street. There were "mountains, mountains," but he does not remember seeing a sheep. At Inversnaid there was sojourn in a hut full of Highland men and women talking Gaelic. No chimney in this hut; the peat smoke escaped as it could. A waterfall roared in the rear. The steamboat came, and on this the adventurers fared through the lake about fifteen miles to Balloch. The wind blew Emerson's cap off, and it was lost in Loch Lomond. It had been made in Malta, where Emerson had procured it. He tied a handkerchief on his head and continued to brave the rain and wind. At Balloch he took coach five miles to Dumbarton, and from there went on by steamboat up the Clyde to Glasgow. At the inn, where his baggage had not arrived, they put him in a little room aloft. He crept to bed. In the "morn" his trunk came and "armed with razors and clean shirt" he "recovered his courage" and visited the cathedral of 1123, spared by Knox and now a Presbyterian church.

He visited Carlyle and Wordsworth. He went on the steam railway from Manchester to Liverpool, a strange experience at that day. He sailed from Liverpool in the ship New York, 516 tons, on September 4. On September 10 he wrote: "Loud winds last night, but the ship swam like a waterfowl betwixt the mountains of sea. The wise man in the storm prays God not for safety from danger but for deliverance from fear. It is the storm within which endangers him, not the storm without. But it is a queer place to make one's bed in, the hollows of this immense Atlantic; Mazeppalike, we are tied to these wild horses of the Northeast. But this rough breath of heaven will blow me home at last, as once it blew me to Gibraltar." It blew him to New York on October 9. He was less than ten months making that very interesting journey. Only from Manchester to Liverpool and on a few small boats was it possible for him to avail himself of the amazing hurry of steam. From New York he went to Boston by stage.

Diamonds That Explode.

From the London Evening Standard.

In his cantor lecture at the Royal Society of Arts Dr. A. E. Tutton, the leading expert on crystallography, said that diamonds were probably formed from fused carbon at great unknown temperatures and under such pressures as could only exist at enormous depths below the surface of the earth.

When they came within the reach of the miner they had travelled upwards, probably by volcanic action, for a long way. It was well known that the relief from pressure afforded in this way caused many diamonds to break, as the volcanic rocks in which they were first embedded decayed into the famous blue clay. Workmen in the Kimberley mines knew that diamonds often exploded soon after being dug out of the earth.

This explosion was greatly assisted by heat, and many accidents had occurred by the Kaffirs hiding newly found diamonds in their mouths. The lecture was illustrated by experiments with ten diamond crystals lent by Sir W. Crookes.